

THE PIANIST'S PRACTICAL GUIDE, to advance the Student simultaneously in Theoretical Knowledge and in Manual Execution. By F. WEBER, Resident Organist, German Chapel Royal, St. James's Palace. Price 10s. 6d.

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BEETHOVEN ROOMS, 27, HARLEY STREET, W.

MISS CLINTON FYNES has the honour to announce that she intends, at the request of several of her Patrons and Pupils, giving **SIX PIANOFORTE RECITALS** (Three Evening and Three Morning)—viz.: Wednesday Evenings, March 25th, April 8th and 22nd, commencing at Eight o'clock; and Wednesday *après-midi*, May 6th, 20th, and June 3rd, commencing at Half-past Two o'clock; on which occasions she will perform Selections from the Works of Beethoven, Chopin, Haydn, Heller, Mendelssohn, Mozart, Wallace, Weber, etc. She will be assisted by several artists of eminence, vocal and instrumental. Further particulars will be duly announced.

IRISH CONCERT.—NEXT TUESDAY (St. Patrick's Night).—Miss BERRY-GREENING'S THIRD ANNUAL CONCERT, at St. James's Hall. Patrons, the Marquis of Donegal and the Viscount Bangor. Band of the Coldstreams. Artists of eminence. Moore's Melodies; Lover's Songs. Commence at Eight. Admission, One Shilling.

Mdlle. MARIOT DE BEAUVOISIN'S GRAND EVENING CONCERT, at the Queen's Concert Rooms, Hanover Square, Tuesday, March 24th. Commence at Eight o'clock. Programme next week.—53, Carlton Hill, St. John's Wood.

MRS. ELLIS ROBERTS' CONCERT PARTY.

MR. DENBIGH NEWTON will sing "WAKE, MARY, WAKE!" (by H. SMART);

MISS ADELAIDE NEWTON will sing "ROCK ME TO SLEEP" (by BENEDICT);

MISS DOVE DOLBY and Miss ADELAIDE NEWTON will sing the Duettinos: "THE QUAIL" (by HAGEMANN), and "FAREWELL" (by H. SMART);

MISS DOVE DOLBY and Mr. DENBIGH NEWTON will sing the Duet, "WHEN THE WIND BLOWS IN FROM THE SEA" (by H. SMART),

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16th March	at Birmingham
17th "	Llandilo
18th "	Llanelli
19th "	Swansea
20th "	Tonnes
27th "	Plymouth
30th "	Torquay
31st March	at Tavistock
1st April	Launceston
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By order of the Committee of Management,
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March 10th, 1868.

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MISS MARIE STOCKEN will play ASCHER's popular Romance for the Pianoforte, "ALICE," at the Hanover Square Rooms, March 25th.

MISS CLINTON FYNES requests that all communications respecting Concerts, Pianoforte Lessons, etc., be addressed to her, 27, Harley Street, Cavendish Square, W.

MISS BERRY-GREENING is now making her engagements as principal Soprano for Miscellaneous Concerts and the following Oratorios:—"Messiah," "Creation," "Samson," "Seasons," "Acts and Galatians," "Alexander's Feast," "Israel in Egypt," "St. Paul," "Eli," "Naaman," "Ruins of Athens," "Stabat Mater," "Saul," "Solomon," "Judas Macabbeus." Northern Counties in March.—Address: Miss BERRY-GREENING, care of Messrs. CHAPPELL, 50, New Bond Street, London, W.

MADAME D'ESTE FINLAYSON will sing at Messrs. Broadwood's Concert, Pimlico Rooms, Friday Evening, March 28th; St. George's Hall (West London Rifle Concert), April 3rd. Madame D'ESTE FINLAYSON is open to engagements every Tuesday and Friday Evenings, with the exception of the above dates, during her engagement at the St. George's Opera-House. Address Priory House, St. John's Wood.

Mdlle. ANGELINA SALVI will sing at the Hanover Square Rooms, March 24th. Engagements for Concerts, Oratorios, etc., to be addressed to Mr. VAN PRAAG, 244, Regent Street; Letters, also, care of Messrs. DUNCAN DAVIDSON & Co., 244, Regent Street.

MR. CHAPLIN HENRY will sing "THE WOOD-MAN'S SON" (FRANK ELMORE), at Maidstone, March 18th.

MR. GEORGE PERREN will sing "MY OWN DEAR HOME," by H. T. TILLYARD, at Glasgow, To-NIGHT (March 14th).

MISS CLINTON FYNES' RECITAL.

MR. CHARLES STANTON will sing at the BEETHOVEN Rooms, March 25th, BLUMENTHAL's "MESSAGE," ASCHER's popular Romance, "ALICE, WHERE ART THOU?" and, with Miss JENNY PRATT, NICOLAI's Duet, "ONE WORD."

MR. CHARLES STANTON will sing "THE MESSAGE," and "ALICE, WHERE ART THOU?" at Malvern, March 16th; "The Message," at Myddelton Hall, March 20th; and "Alice, where art Thou?" at Miss Berry Greening's Concert, Islington, April 2nd.

MR. CHARLES STANTON (Tenor) is open to engagements for Oratorios, Concerts, &c. Address—6, Lower Porchester Street, Oxford Square, Hyde Park.

MR. FRANK ELMORE will sing ASCHER's charming song, "ALICE, WHERE ART THOU?" at Maidstone, March 18th; and at Miss Helen Hogarth's Matinée, Hanover Square Rooms, 25th.

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MR. SEYMOUR SMITH will sing Mr. WILFORD MORGAN's popular Ballad, "MY SWEETHEART WHEN A BOY," on March 19th, at Northampton.

"WAKE, MARY, WAKE!"

MR. DENBIGH NEWTON will sing HENRY SMART'S admired song, "WAKE, MARY, WAKE!" at Brixton, 23rd March; and Beethoven Rooms (Miss Fynes' Concert), 8th April.

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MR. ALFRED HEMMING will sing Mr. BEUTHIN'S popular song, "THE ORPHAN'S TEAR," every evening during his Tour through the Northern Counties.

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MR. HENRY SANDERS will sing nightly, during his Tour this Month in the Eastern Counties and West of England, HENRY SMART'S new Ballad, "WAKE, MARY, WAKE!" and FELICIEN DAVID'S popular Romance, "OH GENTLE SPIRIT!"

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REMINISCENCES OF ROBERT SCHUMANN.

(Continued from page 157.)

To confess the truth, we have swerved somewhat from our original intention: to speak only of our personal intercourse with, and relation towards, the deceased composer, whose name heads this notice. We may, perhaps, have repeated in our first instalment a great deal already related about Schumann in the works of Wasilewsky and Reissmann. It is a long time since we read those works, and we cannot for the moment consult them; it strikes us, therefore, as we do not remember them very well, that we may as well crave the reader's pardon should we happen to repeat what is already known.

It was during the Publishers' Fair of 1837 that I visited Leipzig and Robert Schumann for the first time. Leipzig made a fresh and agreeable, and Schumann, a profound, impression on me. In Dantzig, where I had a short time previously resided more than a year, his *Neue Zeitschrift für Musik* was taken in, and carefully read by a circle of ardent lovers of art, who used to dispute zealously and seriously over many a new and revolutionary view or hypothesis contained in it. Everything from the pen of Florestan and Eusebius—Schumann himself—had invariably attracted and influenced me in a peculiar manner, both as regards purport and form of expression. I was very desirous of becoming acquainted with Schumann, and, in the autumn of 1836, I forwarded him, from Dantzig, a manuscript song for male voices and an article for his paper. He did not send me any answer, but the article, somewhat shortened and touched up by him as editor, appeared in the paper, as I myself appeared, half a year later, in his room. It was on a sunny May-day, as hot, however, as a day in July. On my entrance, Schumann came from the window (there was only one) to meet me. From his upper lip hung the indispensable cigar. In his hand was a second, which he offered me with the words: "You smoke?" He did not wish me good day, but he shook hands with me. He was surprised at my not smoking, and still more at my being thin. I enquired whether he had formed a different notion of my figure. "Yes! I fancied you were a trifle stout." "Why?" I asked. He began searching and turning over his papers, which were heaped up on the piano and the chairs; at length he found what he wanted. It was the manuscript of my quartet for male voices, "Die Käferknaben," which I had forwarded him six months previously from Dantzig. He handed it me with the words: "I'll tell you! In addition to this all I know of yours are two or three jolly drinking songs, for bass—the *Kellnerin von Bacharach* I think the book is called—it was sent me by the publisher for review. Well, I always imagine the composer of lively things of this sort must be a fat, portly, imposing looking gentleman, like Marschner in Hanover; the one here is thin." "The one here" in question was a relation of the Conductor's, and had resided a long time in Leipzig.

It was strange that I, also, for my part, had formed a picture of Schumann very different from the reality then standing before me. I imagined that he was slim, with dark hair and a gloomy expression, while he was plump, blond, and smiling. When I told him this, he laughed like a child. I still recollect his morning-toilet at this first call of mine. It was original, but in keeping with the hot morning. Over his shirt and drawers he had slipped on a long dark-coloured coat, and on his naked feet he wore black leather shoes. He had, probably, not been able to find his stockings in their customary place. He must have suffered very often and very acutely from the *petites misères de la vie humaine* during his bachelorhood, though, in Dr. Reuter, he possessed a friend, who, so to speak, was as good as a mother to him, and attended to him "with the busy care of a woman," as Wallenstein says in reference to Max Piccolomini. During a second visit to Leipzig, about a year subsequently, I think, I once met the excellent fellow, at Schumann's. The composer was seated writing at the little table on the step before the window, while his friend was inspecting and getting together the composer's linen, previously to sending it to the washerwoman's. He then examined Schumann's coats, trousers, and shoes, to see if there were any repairs needed. All this time Schumann went on quietly writing, while I conversed in a low tone with Reuter and left with him. "We shall see each other this evening, I suppose," Schumann cried out after us.

I may, perhaps, never have occasion to speak again in this article of Dr. Reuter, that benevolent male fairy in Schumann's

bachelor-existence, the chance of my doing so being the less because I scarcely know aught about him more than I have already related; I cannot even say to what faculty he belonged or whether he was at all musical. I have heard he died long ago of consumption. Heaven spared him the trial of knowing and mourning the tragic destiny that delivered his friend, whom he loved so quietly and profoundly, to the demon of insanity. To complete the picture of Schumann's personal appearance, I have still to add that he was of middling size, but by no means small or squat, as we often heard people say they fancied he was. He had a large, and genuinely German head, abundantly furnished with soft, dark-blond hair; and a full face without beard, while the form and position of his lips might have caused anyone to believe he was always going to whistle very gently. His eyes were a beautiful blue, but neither large nor energetic; their expression seemed to suggest that he was always searching for, or listening to, something deep down in the recesses of his soul. He held himself perfectly upright, but his walk was as languid and effeminate as though he had not a bone in his whole body. He was shortsighted, and used a glass a great deal, but without the faintest approach to dandyism: perhaps it was superfluous to say this, as his disposition was diametrically opposed to anything like affectation. Though not very talkative, he could be far more entertaining in a *tête-à-tête* than anyone who had met him in general society could have conceived, for it certainly frequently happened that he has never uttered a single syllable all dinner-time at a *table d'hôte*, or when he has been sitting for hours together taking his beer at Poppe's or in the "Thomaskässchen," if he was not directly addressed. I recollect one evening at the Great Coffeetree, Schumann, as usual, was seated near the head of the table, where the artists and a few writers were in the habit of locating themselves. As he smoked his clarinet-like cigar, he appeared buried in a silence that was never to be broken. In fact, after he had been to a beerhouse two or three times, he did not require to call the waiter when he wanted another glass (*Toppche* it is designated in Leipzig). In the houses he frequented he so arranged matters that more beer was brought him without its being demanded, directly the landlord or the waiter observed that he had emptied his glass. When the glass after which he meant to leave was brought, he paid his reckoning in silence, and nearly always with a gratuity to the waiter.

On the evening to which I am alluding, Schumann struck me as being, if not melancholy at least strikingly out of sorts. I was seated close to him, and could not refrain from asking whether anything had annoyed him. He muttered quite *pianissimo*: "Oh, no!" I set about trying to devise something to cheer him up. Suddenly there walked up to the table a boy about ten years old, who used to frequent the place for the purpose of selling "Sool eggs," as they are called, which he carried in a small wooden tray, suspended by means of a strap before him. I called him, and he took up his position between us two. "That gentleman wants to buy some eggs," I said, pointing to Schumann. "Well, he never bought any before," remarked the little egg-merchant. Quite contrary to my expectation, Schumann smiled, and, taking his tobacco clarinet from his lips, said to the boy, "Would you like one or two yourself?"

"Should not I, just! but I mustn't!" replied the youngster.

"Tell me," continued Schumann, "how many should you like? I will pay."

"Oh! I don't know!" answered the boy.

"Well, never mind that—fire away!" said Schumann.

And the boy did so. He disposed of the first three with great rapidity, but at the fourth there was a *ritardando*.

"They are too dry, he must have some butter!" I exclaimed. Schumann ordered some, and the boy got on better, but at the sixth egg he expressed a desire to conclude operations.

"He must now have something to drink," I remarked. Schumann began laughing more loudly than he had been heard to laugh by his fellow-customers for a long time, and ordered a glass of beer to be brought the boy. Ever after this frugal joke, he could not refrain from laughing a little directly the young egg-merchant entered the place and cast a suggestive glance at him.

(To be continued.)

MAGDEBURG.—A comic opera, *Hero und Leander*, by Herr W. Steinhardt, has been successfully produced.

THE ADVOCATES OF SCHUMANN.

To the Editor of the MUSICAL WORLD.

SIR,—We sometimes meet with advocates who, when acting together in the same cause, agree as to nothing but their desire for its success. The end sought is the only thing common to them. They pursue it in varying methods, not seldom crossing each other's path, tripping up each other's heels and mutually increasing the odds against a favourable result. Of these some are compelled by the nature of their constitution to bring ruin upon the cause they espouse. Their taking any particular side on a disputed question is equivalent to reinforcing the opposite party, the prospects of which are improved by their blunders and bad judgment. Either they are impetuous, and lay open every weak place to the enemy's attack, or they are supercilious, and irritate even neutrals up to the point of belligerency. Anyhow they do far more harm than good, save when their cause is a bad one: then their errors are Godsend and present a reason for thankfulness.

With certain musical questions now pending, advocates of this dubious order largely concern themselves. The status of Robert Schumann among composers is one of those questions. There is a party in our midst who profess to see in Schumann a man of great genius and an artist of no mean order. They claim for his works, moreover, the distinguishing merits belonging to music of the highest class, and will accept for it no secondary position. Whatever the actual facts, nobody can dispute their right to do this. They are at liberty to form what opinions they please, and to labour for the dissemination of those opinions with all the zeal they can command. But as regards the manner of their advocacy the musical public at large have somewhat to do, because occupying with respect to them the position of the thing operated upon with respect to the operator. On questions not vital to its interests, society remains passive, neither opposing nor helping, but quietly waiting to receive impressions. Its readiness to be convinced, however, depends as much upon the manner of the advocates as upon their matter. Hence the result of the Schumann propaganda may be seriously impeded (or sensibly promoted), by maladroitness on the part of those who have it in hand. Some of them, I cannot but think, are maladroit in no ordinary degree. Whether they thus advance or retard the cause of truth, depends upon which side the truth is found. Into that question I have no wish to enter at present, but, as their operations are unpleasant in any case, I do mean to protest against them somewhat forcibly. If the truth be with Schumann's awkward advocates, so much the worse for it, if not, I should prefer to see error overthrown by its own promoters in a less disagreeable manner.

It should be clearly understood with regard to this Schumann question that the *onus* of proving their case belongs to those who put forward claims on his behalf. They occupy the position of the promoters of a suit in a court of law who seek to show themselves entitled to property or privileges which no one wishes to withhold from the rightful owners. Hence their business is to point out in what respect the music of the composer satisfies accepted canons of art, and to elucidate its meaning by performance and analysis at every possible opportunity. Doing this in a truth-loving spirit, and with all the earnestness of sincerity, even those who remained unconvinced would be unable to withhold their respect. But the case is very different when the entire question is begged by first assuming that Schumann music is meritorious and then sneering at those who cannot ascend to the lofty standpoint from which alone its merit is visible. The illogicalness of this is not its worst feature. By so doing the awkward advocates appeal, not to the intellect and taste, but to the sense of shame attending an inferior position. Of all things people resent the imputation of inferiority, and in this case a way of retaliation is clearly enough open. They are tempted not only to say: "We do not admit that which you take for granted," but to steel themselves against conviction till "We do not" becomes "We will not." This may be unwise, but it is also natural. Men cannot reasonably be expected to "receive with meekness" those who say, with an air of condescending pity, "Here is a great thing, the greatness of which you cannot see because of an uneducated vision. Accept our word for it, and reverence the thing accordingly." To such an address ordinary humanity may be excused for responding in a way as vigorous as non-complimentary; perhaps for deliberately refusing even to have its eyesight educated to the necessary keenness of perception.

Everybody knows that the musical authorities at the Crystal Palace are devoted to the cause of Schumann; whose works they continue to present, in the face of coldness and indifference. I can respect this persistence and the earnest conviction from which it springs, as I can also the style in which the pen of the Crystal Palace writer usually supplements the effect of the Crystal Palace performance. But I must withhold that respect from certain expressions in the analytical programme of last Saturday's concert. That these were not written by the usual hand, it hardly required a change of signature to show. "G," with his enthusiasm for what seems to him beautiful, and his earnest pleading for its recognition by others, has been supplanted by "A. M.," who, figuratively, knocks down everybody that declines to see with him eye to eye. The sooner "G" takes his old place again the better. But let me show you what sort of an advocate "A. M." proves himself to be. Here is his exordium: "It seems strange that Schumann's works should still be a source of musical controversy in England." Note, if you please, that "A. M." enunciates as an absolute fact that which is not only open to question, but which is really believed by a small minority. The fact alluded to does not seem strange to the majority, but, on the contrary, perfectly natural. Then he goes on to say: "All who have learned to know Schumann's compositions will readily agree that it is not want of merit which has been the cause of this seeming neglect." By "know" "A. M." means "admire;" at least I hope so, since his use of the former word amounts to something very like an insult. It signifies that those who fail to appreciate the works in question do so through accidental or wilful ignorance. It places "A. M." and such as think with him above and beyond all others, in a region where a broader and clearer view can be obtained of whatever is true in music. If "A. M." meant this, let me tell him that it is possible to know Schumann's music without discerning the merit of which he speaks, and that, in not a few cases, knowledge produces a directly contrary effect. But without entering upon any discussion, I wish to point out the indiscretion that prompted "A. M." to assume so lofty a tone. This is neither the age nor the country in which the cry: "We are the people, and wisdom will die with us," is likely to be very effective. If, therefore, "A. M." be anxious for the public appreciation of Schumann's music, he will do well not to encourage a contrary spirit by assuming the very question in dispute, and then lecturing every one that disagrees with him, as a schoolmaster might lecture a dull pupil who cannot see how "the angles at the base of an isosceles triangle are equal to one another," etc.

In other respects "A. M." is a poor wielder of the pen. He says that, in the endeavour to discover a musical language for his emotions, Schumann "inevitably obscured those channels through which music alone can be pleasantly and intelligibly conveyed to the human heart." If this mean anything at all, it signifies that a musical expression of human emotion can never be pleasant or intelligible, which needs not to be refuted. The word "inevitably" must, therefore, come out; but I question if "A. M." would accept his sentence thus mutilated. Further on he observes that "music became a great gainer" by the channels aforesaid being obscured—but why follow this most unlucky advocate any further. He first offends those whom he ought to convince, and then goes deliberately into an argumentative quagmire. Oh! pleasant, genial, and persuasive "G" come back to the Crystal Palace programmes at once.—I remain, Sir, yours obediently, THADDEUS EGG.

LEIPZIG.—Concert for the Orchestral Fund: Overture to *König Manfred*, Reinecke; Violin Concerto, Davidoff (performed by the composer); Toccata, Bach; Nocturne, Etude, and Polonaise, Chopin; Fantasia on *Don Juan*, Liszt (Herr Tausig); Solos for Violoncello (Herr Davidoff); and "Harold Symphony," Berlioz.—Nineteenth Gewandhaus Concert, in celebration of the 125th anniversary of the Gewandhaus Concerts (compositions of the conductors of the last five-and-twenty years): Concert-Overture, Rietz; air from *Eljah*, Mendelssohn (Mdlle. Sechofer); Violin Concerto, Mendelssohn (Herr Strass); "Frühlings-Fantaisie," Gade; Symphony in A major, Reinecke; Andante and Scherzo Capriccio for Violin, David; Songs for Soprano and Chorus of male Voices, Hiller.

MALAGA.—Sig. Aldighieri, a great favourite here, lately took his benefit at the Teatro del Principe Alfonso, on which occasion the programme was composed of selections from *Il Trovatore*, *Torquato Tasso*, and *L'Elisir d'Amore*.

FRANZ SCHUBERT'S "TRAGISCHE SINFONIE."

Adagio molto : Allegro.

Andante.

Mennetto e Trio.

Allegro.

This is the fourth of the nine symphonies which, in addition to a host of other compositions, Franz Schubert produced during his too short life of thirty-one years. It was composed in April, 1816, when he was 19 years of age, leading a quiet life in Vienna, the most important events of which were such trifles as the return of the Emperor from a tour in Italy; a *fête* to Salieri, the venerable Court composer; the production of some new work by Beethoven; an unsuccessful contest for the post of music-master to the normal school at Laybach, with a salary of £45; or, more monotonous than all, the fact which Schubert notes in his diary, under June 16, "To-day for the first time I composed for money—a Cantata for the birthday of Professor von Draxler. Price 100 florins." Such were the small matters which at that time made up the outward life of the young composer, who was destined to be so great. But, however quiet its outward course, the inner life of so sensitive and poetical a nature as Schubert's, cast in such cruel circumstances, must have been constantly chequered and agitated. From his smallest song to his largest symphony, no composition of his but bears witness to the fact. What led him to affix (if, indeed, he himself affixed it) the title of *Tragic Symphony* to this composition is not known. It is a title that might be bestowed on almost everything that he wrote—for there are few, even of his more cheerful works, in which a tone of melancholy does not pervade and underlie their gaiety. But beyond the title there is nothing in the symphony to indicate that it was inspired by any specially tragic theme, or was the result of any severe private misfortune. Possibly it is the record of some passing love affair, which though "tragic" enough at the moment was soon forgotten (as one forgets at 19), and may even have melted away as the symphony occupied his brain and his fingers: or it is some pang of poverty, like that which dictated the letter to his brother, in which he begs for wherewithal to buy "a penny loaf and a few apples," and signs himself "your loving, poor, hopeful, but still poor brother, Franz"—a frame of mind which would fly before the first few kreutzers that chance or kindness put in his way. His application for the music school at Laybach is dated April 9, 1816, so that the Symphony may have been composed during the hopes and fears attending the quest of that post, which, unremunerative as it was, would have been a fortune to Franz Schubert.

But "Tragic" or not, the Symphony in C minor is a grand and beautiful work, one which would do honour to any master, however matured, and truly astonishing as the production of a youth not out of his teens. Traces there are throughout of the influence of both Mozart and Beethoven; but such similarities are inevitable in the early works of a youth, and are here amply redeemed by the original strokes and features with which each movement abounds. The sudden transitions, and the method of repeating a whole phrase in another key remote to that in which it is first heard, so characteristic of Schubert, are both to be found here; and it is interesting to notice the first tokens of the sympathy shown to the wind instruments, which are so prominent in Schubert's later works, and to which in the unfinished Symphony in B minor, the *Rosamunde* music, and the grand Symphony in C, he confides the interest and most touching secrets of his soul, as no one else has done before or after him. The orchestra, too, has that peculiarly sweet and balanced tone which is so obvious in the great works just named, and which is the more wonderful when we consider how rarely he can have heard his music performed. The two most obviously striking movements in the Symphony are the *andante* and the *finale*. The former is one of the most beautiful and engaging things in all music; a strain of lovely melody enriched and set off by every device of art, and yet true, sweet, and unaffected to the last. In form it is somewhat unusual, consisting of two independent melodies, which are repeated alternately and separately, without being worked together. The returns from the one melody to the other are truly exquisite. The *finale* is very busy and brilliant throughout, with beautifully melodious subjects and charming treatment of the wind instruments. The *allegro* and minuet are only less interesting than the other two; the minuet might have been signed "Beethoven," without in any way

derogating from his fame. It is astonishing that a work so full of spirit and beauty should have been allowed to remain in oblivion for so many years. The first two movements were tried at a concert in Vienna in 1860, but appear to have met with no success, and the score remained in its dusty retirement in the cupboard of Dr. Schneider, an advocate of Vienna, side by side with the *Rosamunde* music and many other MS. treasures, till the autumn of last year. That its neglect was due to no opposition on the part of its possessor is evident from the kind readiness with which he allowed the representatives of the Crystal Palace Company to take a copy of it. To Dr. Schneider the thanks of our audience are due, since it is by his liberality that we are enabled to present to their notice a work which cannot fail to become a greater favourite the oftener it is heard.—The autograph of the symphony has disappeared, the score in Dr. Schneider's possession being a copy by Ferdinand Schubert with the title, "*Tragische Sinfonie in C minor von Franz Schubert. Componirt im April 1816.*"

Franz Peter Schubert was the son of a small schoolmaster of Vienna, and was born at a house which still bears the sign of "The Red Crab," No. 54 of the Nussdorfer-Strasse in the Himmelpfortgrund suburb, on the 31st January, 1797. The records of his childhood are very scanty, but they show that his genius for music and his general ability manifested themselves very early. At eleven years of age he had a lovely voice and was put into the Court Chapel and into a public school called the *Convict*, where he remained for five years. His first known composition was a four-hand fantasia for pianoforte (1810), and his first song the "Lament of Hagar" (1811). The following are the principal events of his life:—

1813. Symphony No. 1, composed Oct. 28.
1814. Leaves the *Convict*. First Mass in F composed.
1815. Symphonies 2 and 3 composed, Seven Operas, and the *Erk König*.
1816. Symphonies 4 and 5, Mass in C, *Stabat Mater*, and opera of *Die Bürgschaft*.
1817. Five Pianoforte Sonatas.
1818. Resides with the Esterhazy family in Hungary, and has a secret passion for the Countess Caroline. Symphony No. 6, *Divertissement à la Hongroise*, Fantasia in F minor.
1819. Visits Salzburg and Linz. Composes the Pianoforte Quintet.
1820. Composes for the stage, *Die Zwillinge*; *Die Zauberkarte*; *Sacuntala*; oratorio of *Lazarus*; Fantasia (Op. 15).
1821. Sketches the Symphony in E (No. 7).
1822. Opera of *Alfonso and Estrella*; meets Weber and Beethoven: composes B minor Symphony (No. 8) and Mass in A flat.
1823. Composes for the stage, *Rosamunde*, *Fierrabras*, and *Die häusliche Krieg*.
1824. Octet; String Quartets in A flat, E, E flat; Grand Duo in C. Returns to Esterhazy's.
1825. Pianoforte Sonatas in A minor and C (duets).
1826. The *Winterreise*; String Quartets in D minor and G; Rondeau brilliant Pianoforte Trio in B flat.
1827. Trio in E flat; many songs.
1828. Symphony No. 9 (in C); String Quintet; Mass in E flat; *Miriam's Siegesgesang*; *Schwanengesang*. Dies Nov. 19th.

His works include: 5 masses; 15 operas, operettas, &c.; 9 symphonies; 10 quartets, quintets, octet, and trios; 12 pianoforte sonatas; 32 pianoforte four-hand sonatas, marches, variations, &c.; 36 part songs; 575 songs.

It is to be regretted that there is no portrait of Schubert which can be accepted as giving any adequate idea of his looks. The head which appears at the top of Diabelli's edition of his songs is a caricature. A sketch by Kupelwieser, taken July 10, 1821, is engraved as the frontispiece to his life by Kreissle, but it is only necessary to compare this most wooden of wood-cuts with the photograph of the original sketch—to be found in some of the early editions of Kreissle, and itself a poor thing—to show how inadequate they both are. There remains the life-sized bust which forms part of the monument on Schubert's tomb in the Währinger Cemetery, outside Vienna. This is said by those who knew him to be a good likeness, and I am therefore glad to inform my readers that photographs, both of the tomb and the bust, may be purchased in the nave at the entrance to the concert room. But even this, probably taken from a posthumous mask, is an unsatisfactory representation of the outward man of our dear composer. His face was evidently one which was heavy in repose, but surely with his genial disposition, and with the brilliant imagination and soft

sweet heart which are present in every bar of his music, he must have had one of the most changeable countenances ever possessed by man. His eyes were usually dull, says a contemporary, but would kindle at the least allusion to music, or to Beethoven, and would light up the whole of his features. Faces like these are notoriously hard to portray; only the best artists can catch their shifting flying traits of delicate expression. And such artists never came in the way of Schubert. Now, the greatest painters would feel honoured by having to paint his portrait; but when he lived his worth was not known, and so the world has lost for ever the living image of his face. But, thank God, we have his works.

He was about 5ft. 6in. high, thick set and of solid make, black hair, and short sighted, for which he wore glasses.

The best biography of Schubert is by Dr. Kreissle von Hellborn, Vienna, 1865. A translation of this is announced by Messrs. Longman as to appear early in the spring, in one vol. 8vo., under the title of "The Life of Franz Schubert. Translated from the German of Kreissle von Hellborn by Arthur Duke Coleridge, M.A., late Fellow of King's College, Cambridge." G. G.

TELEGRAPHIC MESSAGE.

To Editor Musical World London

Hamlet passed last night (Monday)—immense success due to Nilsson—Opera long tedious heavy—third act, most depended upon, wearisome—snow decoration great effect—Faure much appreciated as actor—as part, no success of music—Ophelia (Nilsson) perfectly unheard of ovation—never within remembrance of operagoers the equal—places taken for the ninth performance, certainly on her account only—afraid sad consequences for Nilsson's admirers in London—letter follows.—(L. E.)

Paris, Tuesday.

BY LETTER.

The Editor of the Musical World.

Paris, 11 March.

SIR,—I was going to write you a long letter on the first performance of *Hamlet*, which took place on Monday night, but reading what I sent you last week and considering that the contents of my Telegram give you in reality what is to be said about an opera which really does not require close criticism, I could only repeat what I then said, and I think the space of the *Musical World* too valuable to fill it with repetitions. In one word the tragedy is not fit for a libretto, the music is not fit for the tragedy, the singers cannot be contented with their music, nor has the public been satisfied with the singers, notwithstanding Faure's splendid acting, and the only exception of real success being Nilsson. She was drowned in flowers, her house, her staircase, her hall, all is crowded with bouquets, the Jockey Club sent her a bouquet, a collection of the rarest white flowers, two feet in diameter, for the trifling sum of £200—and—Shakespeare? Get thee into a nunnery. L. E.

TO OWEN MEREDITH, Esq.

In the glorious times of old,
When the knights were real heroes,
Thieves were nailed on wooden crosses
By the Caesars and the Neros;
But the modern chivalry,
Governed by a new belief,
Roman rules of right reversing,
Puts the cross upon the thief.

BASHI BAZOOK.

BRUSSELS.—*Don Carlos* is being actively rehearsed at the Théâtre de la Monnaie, and will be produced very shortly. According to report, the next novelty will be Auber's last work, *Le Premier Jour de Bonheur*.—M. Léon de Burbure, after having composed nothing but religious music, for the last thirty years, has now written a grand Symphony, the Andante from which was performed, and much applauded, at the last Concert Populaire.

PRAGUE.—From October 1st 1866 to October 1st 1867, 112 operas and 38 operettas were performed at the Town Theatre. Among them were eight novelties, three of which, Meyerbeer's *Africaine*, Maillart's *Dragons de Villars*, and Offenbach's *Barbe Bleue*, have become stock-pieces. The other five, including Herr von Flotow's *Zilda*, and Herr Abert's *Astorga*, were only moderately successful.

GREAT TRIENNIAL HANDEL FESTIVAL.

(Communicated.)

A large issue, extending already to nearly one hundred thousand copies, of the programme for this great festival, which is to be held at the Crystal Palace in June next, has been made by Mr. Bowley. Most extensive preparations are being made to render this celebration the most complete illustration of English musical progress that has yet been witnessed. Besides a variety of interesting details, the programme contains a wood-cut of the gravestone of Handel in Westminster Abbey. It is also accompanied by plans of seats, particulars and prices of tickets, which prices are in no case higher, and in some instances lower, than at former festivals. The London division of the chorus will be more numerous even than on previous occasions, application for admission thereto having proportionately increased. It is not intended, however, to dispense with the assistance of the great provincial choral bodies, which will be well represented. The orchestra will number four thousand carefully selected performers, Mr. Costa again being conductor. Most distinguished patronage has been already accorded to the festival. The ticket offices at the Crystal Palace and Exeter Hall were opened at 10 a.m. on Monday, 9th March, for the issue of vouchers securing tickets. The programme may be had on application personally or by letter at the above-mentioned offices, as well as at the numerous agents throughout the country and various parts of the Continent. A most interesting feature in connection with this festival, is the publication of a photo-lithographic fac-simile of Handel's own manuscript score of the *Messiah*, which has been graciously lent for the purpose by Her Majesty the Queen, from the royal library. Handel's scores were bequeathed by him to John Christopher Smith, his amanuensis, who in his turn presented them to George III., after the death of the Dowager Princess of Wales, the mother of the King, upon the latter continuing the pension which Smith had received during the lifetime of the princess. The MS. score of the *Messiah* consists of nearly three hundred closely written pages of music, and has at the commencement and termination of each part the composer's autograph, with the date (accompanied by the astronomical sign for the day of the week) at which it was begun and finished. The date at the commencement of the work is August 22, and at the end, September 12, thus proving incontestibly that this immortal production was penned by Handel in the short space of twenty-one days. It will be published by the Sacred Harmonic Society, at Exeter Hall, any profits arising from the sale thereof being devoted to the Benevolent Fund in connection with that Society, and the Royal Society of Musicians.

AUBER.—M. Auber reminds one of those centenarians about whom people go into ecstasies, if the venerable individuals in question walk to church and back. The smallest bit of melody that peeped forth was greeted with fits of surprise and delight: "Just think! eighty-seven years old." These eighty-seven years played a great part on the memorable evening of the 15th February. How many times on that occasion were people able to tell M. Auber that he had never been younger. The clever old gentleman has a stock of ready-made answers for these compliments which he knows are coming. You meet him in the street. "How fresh and well you are looking. Why you are not more than forty to-day." "No," replies the master with a smile, "I have left the other forty-seven years at home." Or the conversation runs thus: "What secret have you, maestro, for keeping so young?" "I live with young people; mine is merely reflected youth," is the answer. By this time M. Auber must have exhausted all his methods of begging pardon for his youth of eighty-seven, and I feel sure he would prefer hearing other compliments to those which rise so naturally to the lips of his friends. For a long time, M. Auber was not fortunate at the Opéra-Comique. More than once did he experience the truth of Louis the Fourteenth's remark: "Monsieur le Maréchal, on n'est plus heureux à notre âge." In *Le Premier Jour de Bonheur* Auber has found the inspiration of former days.—(Le Guide Musical).

KÖNIGSBERG.—On the 21st March, 1828, Herr Dorn, who has been Court *Capellmeister* in Berlin since 1849, commenced his public career by conducting *Le Maçon* in this, his native town. This year, therefore, he will have fulfilled the duties of a conductor forty years. Next to Herr Krebs, of Dresden, he has wielded the *bâton* longer than any German musician living, the oldest of all, Herr Bachner, of Munich, having been lately pensioned. During this long period, Herr Dorn has officiated in Königsberg, Dantzic, Lelpsic, Hamburg, Riga, Cologne, and Berlin.

MANNHEIM.—Shakspeare's *Tempest* with Herr Taubert's music has been very favourably received.

THREVES.—Meyerbeer's *Africaine* was produced with success a short time since.

ROTTERDAM.—Handel's *Judas Maccabæus* has been performed by the Society for the Promotion of Music.

DUSSELDORF.—M. Offenbach's *Schöne Helene* has been successfully produced.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS, ST. JAMES'S HALL.

MORNING PERFORMANCE,
SATURDAY, MARCH 14TH, 1868.

To commence at Three o'clock precisely.

Programme.

PART I.

DIVERTIMENTO, in D major, for two Violins, Viola, Violoncello, and two Horns—MM. JOACHIM, L. RIES, HENRY BLAGROVE, C. HARPER, STANDEN, and PIATTI ... *Mozart.*
AIR, "Lascia ch'io pianga"—Miss ELENA ANGELE ... *Handel.*
CAPRICCIO, in E major, Op. 33, for Pianoforte alone—Madame SCHUMANN ... *Mendelssohn.*

PART II.

SONG, "Rock me to sleep"—Miss ELENA ANGELE ... *Benedict.*
SONATA, in A major, dedicated to Kreutzer, for Pianoforte and Violin—Madame SCHUMANN and Herr JOACHIM ... *Beethoven.*

CONDUCTOR—MR. BENEDICT.

BENEFIT OF MADAME ARABELLA GODDARD. MONDAY EVENING, MARCH 16TH, 1868.

To commence at Eight o'clock precisely.

Programme.

PART I.

QUINTET, in C major, for two Violins, two Violas, and Violoncello (repeated by general desire)—MM. JOACHIM, L. RIES, HENRY BLAGROVE, ZERRINI, and PIATTI ... *Beethoven.*
SONGS—"Regrets" ... *Mr. Sims Reeves Schubert.*
SONATA, in B flat, for Pianoforte alone (Posthumous)—first time of performance in public—Madame ARABELLA GODDARD ... *Mendelssohn.*

PART II.

SEXTET, in D, for Pianoforte, Violin, two Violas, Violoncello, and Double Bass (Posthumous)—first time of performance in public—Madame ARABELLA GODDARD, MM. JOACHIM, HENRY BLAGROVE, ZERRINI, REYNOLDS, and PIATTI ... *Mendelssohn.*
SONG, "The Hunter's Song"—Mr. SIMS REEVES ... *Mendelssohn.*
SONATA, in A major, No. 17, for Pianoforte and Violin—Madame ARABELLA GODDARD and Herr JOACHIM ... *Mozart.*

CONDUCTOR—MR. BENEDICT.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ACTUARIUS.—In a very interesting historical and analytical paper, the insertion of which, in the programme mentioned by "Actuarius," was a strong help to the audience, the writer comments on the fact that of the nine symphonies of Beethoven, the seventh is the only one in the key of A: but this seems no more curious than that there should be only one in B flat (No. 4), and only one in E flat (No. 3).

DR. WHYTE COAL is obstinate. He should read Godwin's *Essay on Sepulchres*.

MR. HORACE MAYHEW.—"Nam et uzorem ducere, et non ducere malum est?" Mr. Mayhew, being a bachelor, is hardly a fair judge. He should read Godwin's *Essay on Sepulchres*.

MR. SHIRLEY BROOKS.—Godwin's *Essay on Sepulchres*.

DEATH.

On the 9th inst., THEOPHILA, daughter of Mr. WILLIAM FISH, of the Queen's Concert Rooms, Hanover Square, in her 37th year.

TO ADVERTISERS.—The Office of THE MUSICAL WORLD is at Messrs. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.'s, 241, Regent Street, corner of Little Argyle Street (First Floor). Advertisements received as late as Eleven o'clock A.M. on Fridays, but not later. Payment on delivery.

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, MARCH 14, 1868.

ON THE READING AND RENDERING OF VARIOUS OPERATIC CHARACTERS.*

I.—THE LAST SCENE OF "DON JUAN."

(Continued from page 161.)

THE stone visitor appears with the words: "Don Juan, you invited me to sup with you, and I have come!" What reply does Don Juan make in his surprise? We beg the reader to pay especial attention to the words: "I should never have believed it, but I will do what I can. Leporello, have a fresh supper served up quickly." ("Ma farò quel che potrò. Leporello, un'altra cena, Fa che subito si porti.") Is this the language of a man who is frightened? The Ghost refuses any "earthly food" ("cibo mortale," but calls upon Don Juan to sup with him. Leporello exclaims: "He has no time;" but Don Juan is determined. "My heart is strong within my breast. I come." The Ghost asks for his hand as a pledge. Don Juan gives it, and then for the first time experiences a deadly shudder. "What cold is this!" But his emotion lasts only a moment, for immediately afterwards we see the reckless and daring being in all his defiant cynicism. "Repent; change your way of life; this is the very last opportunity," says the Ghost. "No, no; I do not repent; away, leave me," replies the other. Nay, he does more than this; he addresses the Ghost contemptuously as an "infatuated old man" ("vecchio infatuato"), and it is not till the Ghost has sunk through the earth and that Hell opens for him that the sinner writhes in agony; but he only describes the pangs that rack his soul and his veins; not a word of supplication for mercy from Above passes his lips, and it is thus he sinks into eternal night, whence the devilish spirits cry to him: "Come! there is something still more horrible in store for you."

In our opinion further explanation is superfluous to prove that, both at and after the appearance of the Ghost, Don Juan ought not to display any despair; and that all he says in the words which prepare us for the apparition, as well his remarks during the presence of the statue, exhibits only a disposition full of contempt and defiance. Now comes another question: If it be decided how Don Juan should not be represented in this scene, how ought he to be represented? How ought the singer to act? To appear indifferent, when the situation is so fearfully serious, would be nothing more nor less than sheer stupidity; to affect boldness and defiance is so far dangerous, because the Ghost, as a being from another world, must be quiet and motionless, and it would be extremely difficult for the representative of Don Juan to observe the due limit in his movements and gestures, and not degenerate into ranting; this difficulty explains, among other things, the fact of so many singers endeavouring to depict alarm and despair here; they have a better opportunity of laying on the colour more thickly than they otherwise would have. We repeat: How should this last scene be read and rendered?

We cannot pretend to do more than give a few hints, because it would not be very easy to lay down a fixed rule of demeanour and action. For a thoughtful artist, a great deal will be spontaneously

* From the *New Berliner Musikzeitung*.

suggested by what has been said about the words and the development of the situation.—It strikes us very forcibly that, despite the external composure and coolness which Don Juan displays towards his visitor, there is a certain contrast observable in mood and bearing, compared with the preceding scene. In this, the faithful Elvira, despite all the affronts he has offered her, is still lovingly attached to him, and, moved by an anxiety she cannot explain about his fate, forces her way into his house for the purpose of warning him, but is received with ribald jocularly, with almost vulgar scorn, unworthy a gentleman; Don Juan behaves like an arrogant profligate, proud of his vices and his infidelities. In the scene with his stone visitor, however, he must demean himself like a man who, feeling convinced that his end is close at hand, calls up all his strength, and all his courage not to appear a coward. The artist must, without falling, as he may easily do, into exaggeration, portray the struggle between a man endowed with great natural qualities, but ruined by excess and debauchery, and the irresistible power which he is beginning to feel of the Supernatural. In the last fearful resistance to all the warnings of morality, when Don Juan, held fast by the icy hand of the Ghost, utters, in answer to each appeal for him to reform, a stubborn "No!" the artist should merely adopt the business of endeavouring to tear himself away, and it is not until the Ghost has sunk through the ground, and the pains of hell overtake the dying wretch, that his demeanour should be that of a man broken down, and rapidly approaching his end. Franz Wild used to give a model performance of all this. The author of the present lines has seen that great artist after he had for years lost some of his vocal power, and was no longer able to compete with younger men in the "heroic parts," but he was even then unapproachable in this character; his rendering of it will never be forgotten by anyone who saw it. Wild was really of small stature, but of noble bearing, while his intellectual head, with the flashing eyes, was magnificently suited for Don Juan. In the last scene he was gorgeously dressed, as though, after supper, he meant to sally forth in search of amorous adventures; with Donna Elvira, he even possessed the art of softening down all that was revolting and low in the text; and was elegant and supple throughout. At the words: "To put an end to this" ("Per togliermi d'intrico"), he snatched the candelabrum from the table and hurried out, but immediately re-appeared on the stage; he saw clearly that Don Juan had no need to open the door for the Ghost, because no earthly bolt could keep him back. With the candelabrum held far out before him, he slowly retreated before the Ghost, staring at it without taking off his eyes. It was not till the words: "Leporello, quick," etc., that he replaced the lights on the table—his breast heaving high while words of defiance issued from his lips, and his left hand resting convulsively and unconsciously on the table. He remained in this position till the Ghost uttered the words: "Give me your hand as a pledge." Then, and not till then, a slight twitching ran through his body. As if attracted by some magnetic power, he advanced and stretched out his hand, exhibiting at the words: "Ah! what sudden chill is this?" the first deadly shudder. But, immediately afterwards, he drew himself up to his full height, and, looking, with cold, defiant, eye, at the Ghost which stood rigid before him, pronounced his three "No's!" and then, when the icy hand released him, fell to the ground. In our opinion, the performance was the grandest possible in its conception and rendering, and we have mentioned it here because it may, perhaps, serve as a guide to others.

H. E.

CARL FORMES has begun his new career as an actor at Würzburg. "ROSSINI," says the *Gazette Musicale*, "has resigned his author's rights in *Guillaume Tell* on the occasion of its 500th performance.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

The programme of Monday night's concert, the 23rd of the present season, was full of interest, and contained one especial feature that alone would have sufficed to distinguish it. If the director of the Monday Popular Concerts had done nothing more than enable the great musical public of London to hear ten admirable performances of such a work as the Quintet for string instruments in G minor, one of the divinest compositions of "the divine Mozart," comparable to anything that exists in poetry, sculpture, architecture, or painting, one of those things, to imitate which, as Lord Byron said of something by Sir Walter Scott, would be impossible, seeing that they are "inimitable," he would have entitled himself to the gratitude of every true amateur. Well, the last of these ten performances, on Monday—the players being MM. Joachim, L. Ries, H. Blagrove, Zerbini, and Piatti—was the most irreproachable of all. Never has Herr Joachim played more finely, never has he created a deeper impression among an audience long accustomed to recognize in him the chief of living violinists. Signor Piatti, too, claims equal praise, as a solid support that alone would make even a tolerable quintet pass muster, but, combined with such an unparagoned "first fiddle," places it beyond the reach of criticism. Such playing stands in no need of the "mutes" (*sordini*), which deaden rather than quicken the effect of the exquisite *adagio*; and Herr Joachim—as Herr Manns did recently at the Crystal Palace, with the slow movement of Mozart's so-called "Jupiter" Symphony—might exercise his unquestioned and unquestionable authority in dispensing with this trick of the olden time, which has nothing but age to sanctify it, which robs the instruments of all their brightness of tone, and makes *chiar-oscuro* impossible. It was a relief to hear the short *adagio*, leading to the joyous *rondo finale*, when the "mutes" were taken off from the fiddles.

At the end of the first part of the concert Herr Joachim played the sonata in A, from Handel's set of six sonatas for violin solo, which had already been introduced at the Monday Popular Concerts by Herr Ludwig Straus. The pianoforte accompaniment—not by Handel, but, we believe, by Herr F. David, of Leipzig—was undertaken by Mr. Charles Hallé. To this somewhat "roccoco" music of the great master, which, if Mendelssohn's unpublished works are to be suppressed, ought surely to be left to oblivion, Herr Joachim, by his tone, style, and marvellous vigour of execution, imparted a charm altogether indefinable. Even to the last movement, which might have been written by Corelli, the most twaddling of "Archangels," such incomparable playing gave significance; and the audience asked unanimously again for what really under any other circumstances, would not have been worth hearing twice, seeing that there are some fifty "gigues," to say the least, by Bach, Handel, and others, in which precisely the same turns and cadences are heard over and over again. Handel is said to have composed the six sonatas of which this is one for the private practice of a Prince of Wales, who was probably not an amateur of the stamp of Prince Ferdinand of Prussia, friend and patron of the recently (by Mr. Chappell) too much neglected Dussek; and it may be taken for granted that the illustrious composer would not greatly have cared to hear them performed in public. But such playing as that of Herr Joachim can make anything pass muster; and no wonder that the audience were delighted with his ready acceptance of the "encore," and his repetition of the last movement in question—a "gigue" at the best.

The pianist was Mr. Charles Hallé, who chose for solo the sonata in E flat from Beethoven's set of three sonatas, Op. 31, and who never, in our remembrance, has played more admirably. This gentleman's execution of the first and second movements was absolutely perfect; the minuetto and trio, marked "*moderato e grazioso*," we cannot but think, he took too slow, and the *finale*, although marked "*presto e con fuoco*," too quick for the distinctness indispensable to proper effect; but the finished neatness of Mr. Hallé's playing could hardly be surpassed, and its merits were fully recognized by the audience with whom he is so greatly and deservedly popular. The sonata in E flat, a masterpiece of original fancy and contrivance, has for many years been one of his especial favourites; and the oftener he plays it the better.

The last instrumental piece was Schubert's trio in E flat, for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello, a work full of genuine musical

beauty, but very unequal, and in some parts as feeble as in others it is strong. About this the programme quotes some singular rhapsodies from the *Gesammelte Schriften* of Robert Schumann, which it is to be hoped may not be mistaken for criticism. Of the two trios of Schubert Schumann says, that one is "masculine," and the other "feminine," (&c.). We do not pretend to understand the distinction, *quoad* the trios under discussion, but are satisfied to recognize that both are beautiful in spite of their unequal workmanship. A time of sentimentalism in criticism seems to have arrived which threatens to upset the canons of art. This may possibly spring out of a very general feeling as to the barrenness of musical production in the present day; but we must beware of over-estimating even so undoubtedly gifted and attractive a genius as Schubert, who, though immeasurably richer in endowment, was as imperfectly trained a musician as Schumann himself. Critics need not be sentimental about Schubert; he can stand on his abstract merits. Art, after all, is of some importance, and its interests should be studiously cared for in all estimates of what relates to it. The trio, played to perfection by Mr. Hallé, Herr Joachim, and Signor Piatti, kept a large majority of the audience in their seats to the end.

The singer was Mr. Vernon Rigby, who gave the first air of Obadiah from *Elijah* (utterly misplaced at these secular concerts) and the well-known "Serenade" of Schubert, and who has a very pleasing tenor voice.

The concert on Monday next will be more than usually interesting, two of its principal features being a grand sonata in B flat for pianoforte solo, and a grand sextet in D, for pianoforte and string instruments, by Mendelssohn, which have never before been heard in public, and which Madame Arabella Goddard will have the honour of playing for the first time. She will also play, with Herr Joachim, Mozart's Sonata in A. The concert will begin with the "Storm" quintet of Beethoven. Mr. Sims Reeves is the singer.

MADAME ARABELLA GODDARD has returned to town, after giving "recitals" of classical pianoforte music at Derby and Warrington, and playing at a Monday Popular Concert in the Free Trade Hall, Manchester, in which Herr Joachim, Signor Piatti, and Mr. Sims Reeves also took part.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.—At the Saturday Monday Popular Concert this afternoon Mozart's graceful *trio-divertimento* in D will be played by MM. Joachim, H. Blagrove, and Piatti; Madame Schumann, Mendelssohn's Klingemann-Caprice, No. 2 (in E); and the Kreuzer Sonata with Herr Joachim.

HERR LUDWIG STRAUS has returned from Germany, having recently played with great success at a Gewandhaus concert in Leipzig (Mendelssohn's violin concerto).

CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERTS.—The music this afternoon is exclusively sacred; a magnificent programme winding up magnificently with the *Lobgesang* ("Hymn of Praise") of Mendelssohn.

NEW PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.—The Council, at their late meeting in the Lecture Room of St. George's Hall, proceeded to elect a new member in place of Spencer Shelley, Esq. (the accomplished amateur violoncello player), who had resigned in consequence of his having taken up his residence near Exeter. There were two members of the Society proposed as members of the Council. After a division the choice was in favour of W. Pole, Esq., Mus. Doc., F.R.S., who, on the second balloting, was unanimously elected. Dr. Pole was lately Professor of Mathematics in the London University, and is one of the most scientific of modern civil engineers; he is also well known to musicians as an able, practical, and learned amateur. The members of the Council present were Professor Wyld, Mus. Doc., Herr Jansa, G. Brockelbank, Esq., Sig. Schira, Mr. Jos. Barnett, Sig. Lablache, Herr Ganz, F. Davison, Esq.; Mr. John F. Barnett, Mr. W. G. Nicholls, and Mr. W. Beavan, Hon. Sec. The Council afterwards dined together. The following distinguished professional and amateur musicians have received invitations and dined with the Council during the last few months:—A. Manns, Esq. (Crystal Palace), Col. Mason (of the Birmingham Festival Committee), Dr. Edward Smith (of the Poor Law Board), German Reed, Esq., Ludwig Straus, Esq., Charles Sparrow, Esq. (amateur), Hector Brown, Esq. (amateur).—[Dr. A. S. Silent, having received no invitation, has not dined with the Council.]

PROVINCIAL.

BRISTOL.—The *Daily Bristol Times and Mirror* of the 5th inst., with reference to a recent ballad concert given by Mr. Sims Reeves, makes the following sensible remarks about encores:—

"There is no law of encores that we know of, or with which our local public are acquainted; otherwise, we suppose, we should not have had that disorderly scene at the Colston Hall on Monday night, and which has become a subject of comment for correspondents. There is a story told of Colman, that being in company when a young gentleman was asked to sing, and the latter replying that he could not sing, and that they only wished to make a *bait* of him, the wit answered—'Oh no, my dear sir, we only want to get a *stave* out of you.' Perhaps the audience who on Monday evening persisted in calling on Mr. Sims Reeves to repeat 'Deeper, and deeper still,' and compelled him to come to the front and make a deprecatory bow no less than three times, would excuse their rudeness with the same reply—they only 'wanted to get a stave out of him;' but it is evident from this and other incidents, that unless some tolerably clear understanding be come to on the subject of encores, the comfort and enjoyment of public concerts will be considerably interfered with.

We have no objection that people should insist upon having the worth of their money; but to insist upon having more than their money's worth is another thing; and when they pay to hear Mr. Sims Reeves sing three times, and try to bully him into singing six times, it is very much as though they had paid for three bottles of wine, and took the host by the collar because he had demurred to setting before them half a dozen for the same money. Nor does it alter the analogy to say that it costs the artist nothing for the additional song. It does cost him something. There is a limit to a man's vocal powers; and he may spend his voice as he spends his fortune; and when his voice is his fortune, he should not be prodigal with it any more than with his cash. Let any one reflect upon the hundreds of times Mr. Reeves has to appear before the public, and then calculate what would be the result of these hundreds of times multiplied by two. We dare say there were many tradesmen amongst those who called loudly on the accomplished artist to repeat that most trying recitative from *Jephtha*, which he very properly refused to do: would any of them say it was reasonable to demand two articles in which they dealt for the price of one? Besides, this indiscriminate encoring (and encoring ought to be the rare exception and not the rule) is a hardship upon a large proportion of most audiences, who, having taken their tickets to hear a certain programme, have either to stay out of their beds to an unreasonable hour or go away without hearing the whole of the performance; for if the first half of the Horatian reflection be true that singers have the fault of refusing to sing on being asked; the other half of it is equally true, that some will persist, without any pressing at all, in giving us more of their melody than we want ('*injussi nunquam desistant*'); and second and third-rate public singers are only too ready to repeat their performances on the slightest pretext; and thus that becomes an infliction which was meant to be a pleasure—an infliction, which the practice of encoring draws upon us. On the whole we think Mr. Sims Reeves has dealt fairly with his Bristol audiences, and his Bristol audiences ought to deal fairly with him; but if he is called upon to sing everything which is put down for him in a programme *twice*, and bullied for not doing so (as he was on Monday night), concerts at which he appears will resemble the dinner of the London alderman, who having asked six fellow-citizens to an entertainment and provided for them a leg of mutton and a piece of roast beef, doubled his company to a dozen, and ordered his wife to provide 'two legs of mutton and two pieces of roast beef.' The audience at Colston's Hall wanted two 'Waters Parted,' two 'Deeper and deeper still,' and two 'Tom Bowlings.'

A great deal more might be said on the subject which has by no means been sufficiently ventilated; but we heartily assent to every word of the foregoing well-written article.

WORCESTER.—The second concert of the Festival Choral Society was given at the Music Hall, on Friday evening the 28th ult., when Mendelssohn's oratorio, *St. Paul*, was performed—as the *Worcester Chronicle* pointedly observes—"almost in its entirety." The solo vocalists were—Miss Stable, daughter of the governor of Worcester Prison, who made her first appearance on this occasion; Master H. Wells, Messrs. Stoyles, W. M. Dyson (of the Cathedral Choir), and T. Brandon, of Gloucester. The choruses, according to the local chronicle, went "remarkably even, and evidenced great attention and careful training." "We noticed," says the same journal, "a great many new faces on the treble side, and we have heard that the singing class, of which Mr. Charles Jones is the instructor, is now becoming very useful." Mr. Done, as usual, conducted, and Mr. A. J. Caldicott presided at the organ.—The

members of the Cathedral Choir gave a benefit concert at the Natural History Room on Tuesday week, on behalf of Mr. John Hodges, who, after several years' service, has received a more lucrative appointment at the Chapel Royal, St. James's. The concert took place under ecclesiastical and municipal patronage. The singers were—Messrs H. Wells, H. J. Brookes, Caldicott, and C. Price, trebles; Messrs. J. K. Hodges and Clark, altos; Messrs. W. Pugh, J. Smith, and W. M. Dyson, tenors; and Messrs. H. Brookes, J. D. Price, and O. Millward, basses. "Since Mr. Hodges has been a member of the Cathedral Choir," writes *Barrow's Worcester Journal*, "he has deservedly taken a foremost place amongst the exponents of sacred and secular vocalism, and his services have been frequently called into requisition both at public and private gatherings. A well-trained singer in every respect, and possessed of considerably more than average ability, Mr. Hodges, as an alto, will be much missed in Worcester; but with the excellent opportunity now before him, it will be his own fault if he fails to make a yet further advance in his profession."

CHELLENHAM.—The annual performance of Welsh music, which for more than a generation has taken place in celebration of St. David's Day, was given on Monday evening, the 2nd inst., in the Montpelier Rotunda. The gathering, viewed from a Welsh point of view, was a very important one. There was a band of some ten or twelve instruments, led by Mr. Bretherton, who played an overture incorporating three or four Welsh airs and several Principality concoctions. The singers were—Miss Jane Williams, Miss Watts, Miss C. Maskelyne, Messrs. Cummings and Lewis Thomas. The vocal feature of the concert, however, was—as the *Cheltenham Looker On* teaches us—"a young maiden, announced by the name of 'Ehedydd Glym-Nedd' (the Lark of Neath Valley), who presented herself, dressed in Welsh costume, and sang a charming little melody, entitled 'Merch y Melnydd,' from Miss Jane Williams's *Ancient Airs of Gwent*." Of course, the Lark of Neath Valley had a tremendous encore. Mr. Cummings had to repeat "The Maid of Llangollen," and Mr. Lewis Thomas roused the enthusiasm of his audience in "The Harp of Wales," accompanied on the pianoforte by its composer, Mr. Brinley Richards. Another great hit in the vocal music was made by Mr. Lewis Thomas, in a song entitled, "Love's Fascination," founded on the old air of "Serch Hudol," accompanied on the harp by Mr. John Thomas (Pencerdd Gwalla). Mr. Lewis Thomas, who is a great favourite with the patrons of St. David's Day in Cheltenham, had an uproarious reception. Mr. Brinley Richards and Mr. John Thomas played solos on their respective instruments, and were applauded to the echo. The audience, which consisted exclusively of the subscribers and their personal friends, included nearly all the Welsh residents and visitors from the Principality at present in Cheltenham.

BELFAST.—The Monday Popular Concert given in the Ulster Hall on the evening of March the 2nd attracted a very large audience. The band of the 28th regiment, conducted by Mr. Adolphe Hecker, played Beethoven's overture to *Egmont*, a selection from the *Troviators*, and some minor pieces. The singer was Madame Emmeline Cole, who was encored in the songs, "Slumber and Dream" and the "Maid Song." The *Belfast News Letter* critically informs us that "Madame Emmeline Cole sang with much acceptance." Mr. Alfred Cellier played some pieces on the organ and was encored in the "March of the Israelites" from Mr. Costa's *Elvi*.

DERHAM.—On Tuesday evening the 3rd inst., an entertainment of vocal and instrumental music, reading, &c., was given at the Corn Hall by the members of the Young Men's Lyceum Society, with the aid of some lady friends, and was patronized by a large audience. The management was in the hands of Mr. J. M. Durrant, president of the society, and the programme included glees by Messrs. Roberts, Kittner, Lowe, Cooper, and Sutton; solos by Miss Hipkin, and Messrs. Kittner and Sutton; recitations by Messrs. Lowe, Yaxley, and Roberts; readings by the President and Messrs. B. Scott, and H. Cooper; "The Fall of Wolsey," by Messrs. Durrant, Drake, Mayhew, Humphrey, Corden, and Brown; and a duet for the violin and piano by Mr. F. and Miss Martin.

LONDON.—The usual penny readings were held on Tuesday, March 7th, in the public school-room. The programme included readings by the Rev. W. Runnington, of Norton Subcourse, and Mr. E. Childs and Mr. Tewson, of Bungay; duets, trios, and glees, by Mrs. Ellis, Miss Milner, and Mr. Childs, Mr. Cattermole, and Mr. Millard, of Bungay; a solo on the piano, by Miss A. Tibbenham; and selections by the Volunteer band.

DROTTWICH.—The fourth of a series of amateur concerts, organized by Mrs. Corbett and Mrs. R. Bourne, in aid of a fund for establishing a Working Man's Club at Bromsgrove, took place last week. A well-arranged programme of vocal and instrumental selections was admirably executed by the following ladies and gentlemen:—Mesdames Corbett, W. Lea, R. Bourne, Roden, and Dodd, Misses B. Atkyns, Wilberforce (two), and Arbuthnot, Revs. J. Hampton and V. H. Aldham. The audience numbered upwards of 300.

LANCASTER.—The subscribers to the Lancaster Athenæum were favoured with a visit from Mrs. John Macfarren on Monday evening week, when she gave a "Pianoforte and Vocal Recital," ably assisted by Miss Robertine Henderson. The programme consisted of works or celebrated composers for the pianoforte, interspersed with anecdotes and suggestions. "Of Mrs. Macfarren as a pianist," says the *Lancaster Observer*, "we should say she stands at the head of her profession, and her rendering of the difficult compositions of the various great masters was indeed a very great treat." The duet in A flat and presto in C from Mendelssohn's "Songs without Words," and the *adagio* and *rondo*, from Beethoven's Sonata in C minor—"all performed," says the same journal, "in a truly masterly manner"—seem to have been the favourite pieces. Miss Robertine Henderson (as we can well believe) "sang charmingly, and her share of the entertainment was in all respects satisfactory."

HAYDOCK, NEAR ST. HELEN'S.—An association has been formed entitled the "Plain Song Union," the objects being "the promotion of the use of plain song in conjunction with the full ritual of the Church," and "the encouragement of greater reverence and devotion in divine worship." Mr. R. E. E. Warburton, of Arley Hall, Northwich, is the president, and Rev. Cecil Wray, of Liverpool, vice-president. The musical arrangements are under the direction of the precentor, Rev. H. S. Bramah, St. James-the-Less, Liverpool. The choirs which have joined the union are—St. Mary, Arley; St. James-the-Great, in Haydock; St. Martin, and St. James-the-Less, Liverpool; St. Alban, Manchester; Holy Trinity, Bury; St. Thomas, Bedford Leigh; and St. Barnabas, Leeds. The first festival of the union will be held at Haydock, near St. Helen's, in May.

PISA.—The benefit of our popular *prima donna*, Amalia Colombo, took place on the evening of the 15th ult. The theatre was illuminated for the occasion, by order of the directors, a compliment only offered to the most distinguished artists. The opera was *Ernani*, and the house was thronged. The *cavatina*, "Ernani involami," was immensely applauded, and at the end of Act I. Mdlla. Colombo was recalled, amid a shower of bouquets. After the opera she sang Ardit's famous valse, "Il Bacio," to such perfection that another shower of bouquets expressed the satisfaction of her hearers. Among the flowers were numerous poetical effusions, of which the following is a specimen:—

"AD AMALIA COLOMBO.

"Amalia, il tuo bel canto
Nel cor penetra e mi ravviva l'anima;
Dell' armonia la cetera
Teco ripete ognor sorriso e pianto,
Ritragge il rio dolore,
La dolce speme e i palpiti
Di cruda gelosia, d'odio e d'amore."

The orchestra played a piece written for the occasion by the *Maestro* Lovati, which pleased greatly, and, as a climax to the whole, Mdlla. Colombo gave the *rondo* from *Lucia di Lammermoor*, which fairly enraptured the audience. The ballet of *Favilla* was also performed, with Coppini and Priora in the principal parts.—(From a correspondent.)

ELDENFELD.—The programme of the last Subscription Concert contained scenes from Herr R. Wagner's *Fliegender Holländer*, and Schumann's *Genoessa*.

BADEN.—Mad. Viardot-Garcia has completed a fantastic opera entitled *Le Dernier Sorcier*.

NEW PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.—The second *soirée* came off on Tuesday in St. George's Hall, before a fashionable assemblage. The performances began with a MS. quartet in A, for string instruments, by Mr. James L. Summers, very clever, and containing many graceful, if not very new ideas; it is written with evident care, and does its composer (a pupil of Mr. Macfarren's) infinite credit. The quartet received every justice from the executants—Messrs. Henry Holmes, Nicholas Mori, Barnett, and Paque. The next concerted piece was Schubert's Trio in B flat, successfully performed by Miss Mori, Mr. H. Holmes, and M. Paque. Miss Mori has a good touch and good expression, which found ample means of display in the exuberant fancy and daring originality of Franz Schubert. The trio was loudly applauded. Spohr's "Duo Concertante" for harp and violin (Op. 14), concluded the first part. Mr. Aguilar's Trio in C minor opened the second part, and though rather late in the evening, was received with high favour, being, of course, thoroughly well played by the composer at the pianoforte, in conjunction with Messrs. H. Holmes and Paque. Miss Adele Wheeler, pupil of Dr. Wyde, played Mendelssohn's Fantasia in F sharp minor (dedicated to Moscheles). She has a pliant finger, and does infinite real credit to her master. The singers were—Miss Fanny Holland, Miss Abbott, and Mr. George Calkin. Miss Holland, a young and rising vocalist, sang "Hilde's Answer" remarkably well, and was loudly applauded. The grand dramatic air from Beethoven's *Fidelio*, requires indispensably an orchestral accompaniment. Miss Abbott sang extremely well "Do not wake me," one of the most graceful and charming songs of the prolific Sig. Schira (loudly encored), and joined Miss Holland and Mr. George Calkin in Curschmann's trio, "Ti Prego." Mr. G. Brockelbank was director for the evening, and Mr. William Ganz accompanist.—B. B.

SIGNOR TITO MATTEI'S LAST RECITAL.—The third and last of these "recitals" came off on Thursday, in the Hanover Square Rooms, before a very large assemblage of friends and admirers, who loudly applauded every performance of the Italian pianist. Signor Mattei played his "Souvenir d'Italie" and "Grand March," afterwards a brilliant "transcription" of "The Bloom is on the Rye," ending the first part with Signor Li Calsi's Concerto in C minor (by desire), which last was accompanied by the composer himself on another pianoforte, which enhanced the effect of this clever composition. Signor T. Mattei, in the second part, played his Grand Fantasia on airs from *Lucrezia Borgia*, and terminated the "recital" with a Grand Galop by Signor Li Calsi, a showy specimen of the "modern pianoforte school," which was received with great favour by an audience unusually "demonstrative" in its marks of approbation. In the instrumental parts of his programme the concert-giver was materially aided by Mr. Lazarus, who gave for the first time a new solo on airs from Mr. Costa's opera, *Malek-Adel*, in that style which has won him a name long envied by clarinet players. As an effective solo this new piece is likely to be sought by all amateurs and professors of the instrument. Mr. Lazarus also played, in conjunction with Signor Mattei, Weber's Grand Sonata in E flat, a genuine and admirable *concertante* duet. The singers were Miss Fanny Holland (a promising young artist) and Miss Poole. The former gave the late T. W. Wallstein's "Merry Blackbird," and a new ballad by Sig. Bevigiani, "To him I gave my heart" (encored); the latter sang ballads by Balfe and Virginia Gabriel. Signor Li Calsi was conductor.—B. B.

The death of the Rev. Chauncey Hare Townsend is announced at Lausanne. Twenty-five years ago he was a popular song writer. His "Fisherman's Return" (set to music by George Osborne), and other effusions, were well known to musical amateurs of that period. He enjoyed to the last the friendship of the best men in literature and art. Of late he lived on the Continent, though possessing one of the most splendid mansions in Park Lane.

NARCISSE.—After Easter and until September Mr. E. T. Smith, lessee of the Lyceum Theatre, will make a *tournée* in the provinces with Mr. Bandmann, accompanied by Miss Milly Palmer—who plays the heroine in *Narcisse*—and a lady of reputation, specially engaged for Madame de Pompadour. *Narcisse* will be produced in each town under the personal superintendence of Mr. Smith, and his stage manager, Mr. Friend, who will take with them the scenery, dresses, and properties used in London.

ANTWERP.—The Royal Society of Harmony gave a grand concert on Monday evening, the 9th inst. Herr A. Rubinstein was the pianist, and Signor Agnesi (baritone, from the Italian Opera, Paris, and formerly of Her Majesty's Theatre), the singer. The programme consisted of Mendelssohn's overture to *Athalie*, Herr Oberthür's overture, *Rubezahl* (second time of performance this season), a pianoforte concerto composed and played by Herr Rubinstein; pianoforte solos by Mozart, Handel, Bach, and Beethoven; with other pieces by Field, Liszt, Chopin, and Rubinstein, executed by the same artist, and the baritone airs from Rossini's *Muometto 2do*, and Mozart's *Nozze di Figaro*, sung by Signor Agnesi. M. Alphonse Lemaire was conductor.

WALWORTH INSTITUTION.—Mr. Montem Smith lectured here on Tuesday on "The Popular Songs of our Grandfathers' Days," to a large auditory. The time comprised was from about 1760 to 1815. Mr. Smith referred to the various influences on the lyrical productions of that day, to the gardens—Ranelagh and Vauxhall—and the theatres which, with the entertainments given by Dibdin, Reeve, Collins, and others, were the sources of the greater portion of the popular songs, any song which did not get into these channels standing little chance of success. The first illustration was "The Lass of Richmond Hill," which was long attributed to a certain Prince Regent, and from the tune of which Haydn is said to have borrowed the commencement of "The Heavens are telling." As a specimen of English-Scotch, once so popular, Mr. Smith sang "Twas within a mile of Edinbro' town." He also gave examples of etymological songs, love songs, motet songs, carnival songs, comic songs, sea songs, and patriotic songs; among others "The Flaxenheaded Ploughboy" (Shield), "Haul away, yee boys" (Tom Dibdin and Braham), "Poor Jo the Marine," "Here's to the maiden of bashful fifteen" (written by Sheridan to an old English melody), "Come kiss me, said he," "Will Waddle," and "The tight, little island" (written by the younger Dibdin to an adaptation of the "Rogue's March"). In addition he sketched the state of music at the time, and gave short notices intermixed with anecdotes of the composers of the period. It was matter for congratulation that in the general improvement in morals "professionals" had not been backward; among those who "fret their brief hour" upon the stage for our amusement were many who would do honour to any station however exalted. The lecture was well delivered, favourably received, and frequently applauded. Mr. Smith sang all the songs, accompanying himself on the pianoforte.—W.

MADLE. MADELINE SCHILLER'S PIANOFORTE RECITALS.—The third took place on Tuesday evening week, and, like its predecessors, attracted a full and fashionable audience. A well-varied programme contained the following pieces: Beethoven's Sonata in E flat, Op. 7, No. 4; Dussek's Sonata in A flat, "Plus Ultra," Op. 71; Weber's Polonaise in E flat, Op. 21; Mendelssohn's Caprice in A minor, Op. 33; Preludes by Chopin, No. 17, A flat, and No. 19, E flat, Op. 28; Thalberg's Fantasia on *Mosé in Egitto*; with Serenade, Op. 44, and "Danse des Sylphes," by Alfred Jaell. In this selection the fair pianist had abundant opportunity of exhibiting the versatility of her talent. We were most satisfied with Weber's Polonaise, Mendelssohn's Caprice, and Chopin's Preludes. But Madlle. Schiller has powers equal to various styles, and in the sonatas by Beethoven and Dussek, she thoroughly gratified her most intelligent and attentive hearers. All her performances, in short, were successful, and each one found warm admirers. We need not repeat here what we have frequently affirmed, that Madlle. Schiller's remarkable facility and genuine feeling place her in the front rank among foreign pianists resident in this country. Two vocal pieces, sung by Mr. W. F. Stirling, helped to enliven the programme. The fourth recital is announced to take place on Tuesday, March 17th, for which—being St. Patrick's Day—we would suggest to the fair recitalist to introduce an Irish piece *à propos* to the occasion—say, *par exemple*, Mr. Benedict's "Erin."

AN ORGANIST is required for Trinity Church, St. Marylebone. For particulars see advertisement.

REVIEWS.

Pauline Valse. By CHARLES COOTE, JUN. [London: Hopwood & Crew.] We see very little in this valse to admire. The melodies are conventional and commonplace, but in that and other respects it is no worse than English waltzes in general.

'Tis bliss indeed to watch thy smile. Song. Composed, and dedicated to Mrs. Page, by BRINLEY RICHARDS. [London: R. Cocks & Co.]

THERE is a good deal of merit in this song which deserves recognition. The melody is good, and its structure, as well as that of the accompaniment shows the handiwork of a musician. In the generally excellent character of the piece the words largely share. We can commend the song as one worthy of attention.

The Carnival of Venice. Arranged for the pianoforte by BRINLEY RICHARDS. [London: R. Cocks & Co.]

THE lovers of this popular melody will be glad to have it as easily arranged by Mr. Richards, who has succeeded in making a sufficiently showy transcription without overtasking the powers of the average drawing-room pianist.

I must leave thee, bonnie Katie. Song. Written by F. S. CLARKE. The music composed by FRANZ ABT. [London: R. Cocks & Co.]

THERE may not be much of absolute novelty in this now popular ditty, but the composer has treated his subject with such freshness and skill that its familiarity is scarcely noticeable. It is a long time since we met with a more charming song of the kind.

Oh! give me wings to fly away. Song. Written by J. L. LYONS. Composed by W. F. TAYLOR. [London: Hopwood & Crew.]

We wonder how it is that when the Christy Minstrels are not cracking stale jokes or "breaking down," they are wishing to be birds, or butterflies, or pathetically mourning the fate of some lovely child or doing something equally sentimental. The Rev. Mr. Haweis said in a recent essay with regard to our (lamp)-black friends' entertainment that "the scent of the roses hangs round it still." We do not in the least know what he means, but, possibly, he has indicated the reason we want, and it will be discovered in time. In this instance the minstrel asks for wings to go "where the humming birds are singing, where the sun shines bright, and the hearts are light, and the merry tones are ringing." There is not the slightest objection to his having them, but he might utter his plaints in less dubious English than this:—

"I wander there in hours of sleep,
So real each vision seems;
I wake, alas! with breaking heart
To mourn my beauteous dreams,
And wonder while I'm weeping
If the world holds a wind,
Will once more waft me back
Where my heart is left behind."

The last four lines are superb. The melody is superior to most of its class.

The Monk's March. Welsh Melody (No. 15 of "Recollections of Wales"). Transcribed by BRIMLEY RICHARDS. [London: R. Cocks & Co.]

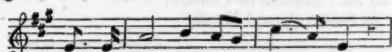
This old melody (which rejoiceth in the peculiarly Welsh name of "Ymdaith Mwng") is so full of character that we are tempted to extract it:—



There is a sort of *coda* to this fine march in six-eight time which evidently belongs to a later period, and is of doubtful origin. Mr. Richards has treated both with his usual success, and the result is a pianoforte piece of far more than common interest.

Peter the Hermit. Dramatic song. Composed by CHARLES GOUNOD. [London: Duff & Stewart.]

THE "musician of love" as he is sometimes called, is here dealing with a heroic subject of lofty purpose and daring aim. We cannot say that he sings in unfamiliar strains, because there is little in the work which does not suggest reminiscences. The first vocal phrase had its origin in the "Marseillaise" evidently:—



but after that we find M. Gounod repeating himself alone. This has been met with before we fancy:—



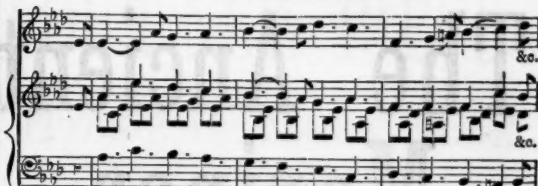
Hearing this three times repeated in different keys, we recognize M. Gounod at once, as we do, still more clearly, in a *pedal* passage of twelve bars which follows. After the *pedal* comes a long *maestoso* scarcely less familiar, as two or three bars will serve to show:—



This is such indubitable twaddle that it may be left to speak for itself.

The Lily. Song. Words by COLERIDGE. Music by G. MANTON KING. [London: Cock, Addison & Co.]

This may be called, without impropriety, a duet for voice and piano, inasmuch as the instrument frequently sustains an independent melody after the fashion indicated by the following extract:—



Occasionally the voice has a solo passage, but the distinguishing feature of the song is that just illustrated. We think it a fair work of its kind, and with a good accompanist as well as singer, it would command favour. Here and there, as the above extract shows, the harmony wants re-touching.

On the Deep Blue Sea. Song. Verse by HUMPHREY WICKHAM, Esq. Music by GORDON SAUNDERS. [London: Duff & Stewart.]

A bold and vigorous song, well suited to gentlemen who (musically) are fond of "the blue, the fresh, the ever free." Appropriately delivered it would produce a decided effect, notwithstanding that the second subject starts (after a full close in C major) in this dubious fashion:—



Phyllis, dear Phyllis, I'm waiting for thee. Written by FRANK GREEN. Music by H. S. THOMSON. [London: Hopwood & Crew.]

A BALLAD sung by the Christy Minstrels, for whose *répertoire* it is eminently adapted. The subject pictures a gentleman musically inviting his "peerless young bride" to elope with him and sail away to sea in a "light bark" that happens to be conveniently waiting. We are sorry to say the lady does as she is wished, undeterred by the not very attractive or striking character of her lover's ditty.

Sabbath Day at Sea. Song. Words by SIDNEY WHITING. The music by JOSEPH PHILIP KNIGHT. [London: Metzler & Co.]

A song somewhat ambitious in style and structure, but, on the whole, well carried out. We observe that it has been sung by Mr. Santley, in whose hands it, no doubt, was highly effective. In those of an ordinary vocalist it may be that the monotony of treatment the piece displays would tell against its success. The monotony alluded to is rather in spite of the words than because of them.

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